

LETTER

FROM

His Holiness the Pope,

To the most illustrious Protestant Prince,

JAMES

DUKE of MONMOUTH.

SIR,

WE are credibly inform'd, not only from our undaunted Midwife, the Priests and Jesuits in *Newgate*, and our Trusty and well beloved Lords in the *Tower*, but from many others of great worth and quality, that were it not for the King and you, and that old *Achitophel* (as we call him) in *Aldersgate-street*, our access to our *quondam* See might with little difficulty be obtain'd. You are the Pillars that support the Principles of those damn'd Hereticks, called Protestant-Dissenters. In our Name and in the Name of the Virgin *Mary*, we desire you to forsake their Society, and timely turn to us, that your Absolution may be Seal'd; if not, know that we will leave no stone unturn'd, to work your Ruine, if *Godfrey's* Cravat will not fit your neck, nor a *Musquetoon* pierce your Body, we have an hundred little ways to work your overthrow; what a Dagger cannot do, Poyson may; and when a publick attempt shall miscarry, a private Assassination may do the job. Sir, you are the More in our eye that must be plucked out, you are as a Thorn in our side, and we will never leave our Plots and shamplots till we either reconcile you to us, or see you safely lodged with your Comrade *Thynn*. If it be preferment you aim at, truckle to us and we will give you even what your heart desires. Be but active to destroy the Protestants and we will give you one part of our Triple-Crown. Why should you part with your preferments, and let go your Royal interest, to side with a parcel of discontented Whigs, that covet nothing more, than to see our Infallibility laid waste? See you not how the Abhorrors swarm in every City? Strike in betimes and make one amongst them, it may be the means of your preservation in the day of our Visitation, for let me tell you, we bid sale for a Footing amongst you. Have you not read our *Observer*, *Heraklitus*, and *Staffords Memoirs*; and a little hundred of those bold Boys, how they exalt their Heads above their fellows? and even spit in that mans Face that dare but speak kindly of an English-Protestant, or speak a word in favour of a Serious sober wellmeaning man do you not see how they jerk them and lash them even to death if they but appear in a true Protestant habit, why these are the Fellows that dreine our Coffers;

Coffers, these are they that will chalk you out the way to our Communion and Fellowship, these are our infallible guides, that will even do or say any thing that advantage our interest, but above all, have you not taken notice of *Thompson*, there's a true Popish Lad dress'd up in a pair of Protestant breeches, he will say, and gain say. swear and forswear all in a breath. This hour he'll make the Papists Murther Sir *Edmund Berry Godfrey* and the next hour he'll make him Murther himself, these are *Hocus Pocus* Artifices us'd for the Advancement of our Pomp, and the enlargement of our Territories, and be consider that their Service is sufficiently requited, but now know, should we gain our Mouth, he would be worth ten thousand such tools as they though they are Serviceable enough in the lower Orb: we gain our point if we gain but you, you are the oyl that makes the Dissenters wheels to run, you are their Demy God, they admire you, they love you, they honour you, nay they almost adore you, you are their Oracle, their guid, their Bull-work of defence.

Could we but make a breach upon you, we could readily make them strike their Topails, to us. We could put Beads in their hands, and Crucifixes in their pockets, and when thats done Ropes about their Necks or Knives to their Throats, were it not for their confidence of your Love and respects to them. Could we but conquer you with love; we could conquer them with wrath: could we but make you espouse our Cause, and be Captain General over our Forces, we could make them sing *Te Deum's* with us and hang them for their Musick. Would you sleep in safety, and walk securely, without the fear of Popish Designs? then turn unto us and abandon the Advice of the old Earl, and forsake the Company of the protesting Lords; if not, know we have many Moles that are digging under the very foundation of your Palace, at *So Hoe*, we have many little Emisaryes in England to destroy you, go you to the Park. Have a care of *Pickerings* Gun: go you through the Strand, beware of *Somerset-House*, go you to my Lord *Essex*? take heed of the *Musquetoon*, go you to *Windsor*? there, *Russians* are like Lyons in the way. Go you to *Sussex*? chither *Thomson's* Libels will persue you. So that you shall no way be safe either in your person or repute. Our Hackney Devils shall find you at *Milend Green*, at every Club you go to, and when they cannot get a Seasonable opportunity to bite you, they'll bark at you at least, they'll shew their Teeth and grin, when they can do nothing more. Heare you not an Excommunication, are not our Bulls Sufficient to affright you, dare you venture to fall under our direful Curse, when Kings and Princes tremble at the thoughts on't? Have a care of provoking our Holyness to any further displeasure, least we swear in our wrath an infallible Oath, that you shall never hereafter enter into our Society if you now neglect to kinde an offer. If you do not speedily close with our tenders of mercy, woe be to you when we come to erect our Monuments in *Smithfield*, and make Bonafires in the Protestant meetings. Woe be to you when we come to take vengeance on all those that have shed the blood of *Saint Coleman*, *Saint Staley* *Saint Plunket*, &c.

Farewel.

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